"SIG'S" OF GREAT MEN.

HOW AUTOGRAPHS ARE COLLECTED.

The Distinguishing Characteristics of the Chirography of the Men Who Have Made Themselves Famous.

[Washington Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

A favorite occupation among the page boys at the House end of the Capitol during the quiet which succeeds the tariff agony is that of procuring autographs. Perhaps it might better be said, however, that it is a favorite business, for these little fellows make a business of it. You can see them any hour before the opening of the session or immediately after its close, when members are still in their seats, rushing about, autograph albums in hand, asking members for their signatures.

"You see," explained one of them as he stopped to catch his breath after dashing here and there among the assembled solons, just before the fall of the Speaker's gavel: "You see we get from $5 to $10 for getting these albums filled, and it is worth while making the effort."

"Whose are these albums?"

"O people in and out of Washington. A good many of them belong to families of members, especially from the rural districts; some are often Washington people, and others from outside of the city."

"Are there many requests of this kind?"

"Yes, a good many; nearly every fellow among us pages has an album or two, and sometimes three or four during the session to get filled. There are a hundred or two filled a session."

"Do you have much trouble in getting these autographs from members?"

"Not very often. There are a few cranks who won't give them to us. There is Belmont, of New York, for instance; suppose he is afraid somebody might forge his signature; he is rich, you know. He never will give a fellow his autograph. Lots of fellows, have tried him, but he won't do it. There are some others who do not like it much, but if you catch them when they are in a good humor you almost always get them; but Belmont won't under any circumstances."

They are a curious study, these albums, filled with the autograghs of the law-makers of the country, running from the President down, for your autograph collector usually begins at the White House, down through Cabinet officers, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives. Of course the President's autograph, where one album is to contain the entire lot aforementioned, is the first, and a queer one it is, too. "Chester A. Arthur," it says, was written with scarcely raising the pen from the paper. The letters lean way over to the right, chasing each other in a hen-track way over the paper, sometimes up, sometimes down. There is character and vigor in the signature, but it is neither graceful nor business-like. It is a great, hurried scrawl. Mr. Waite, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, signs himself "M. R. Waite, Chief-Justice United States," the letters chasing each other up-hill in a somewhat dignified, ambitious sort of way. Mr. Justice Miller signs himself "Sam F. Miller, Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S.", but the signature might as well be "Sal and Julia", so far as its legibility is concerned, for it looks more like those two feminine appellations than that of a Justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Reagan, of Texas, the ex-Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, signs with a very unsteady, scrambly sort of hand, that looks as though it had been written by a railroad laborer rather than an ex-Postmaster General of the Confederacy. Congressman Singleton, of Mississippi, who was a member of the Confederate Congress, writes a very pretty, neat hand, straight as though written upon lines, characteristic of this tall, slender, neatly-attired old man of seventy. Barkesdale, of Mississippi, who was also a member of the Confederate Congress, writes as though he was writing for a deaf man, with characters very large and high and broad. His name stretches clear across the page of the album and, with his post-office address, reaches down and covers one-third of its length.

Carlisle, the Speaker, signs in a most ridiculous schoolboy hand, "J. G. Carlisle, Ky." It is a curious signature, weak and devoid of character. The J is more like a C than a J, and the average reader would probably make "Caroline" out of Carlisle. Hill, of Illinois, who is a college graduate and a gentleman of large experience, makes a signature as large as his experience, stretching it across the full sheet and occupying nearly a half page with the signature and address. Murray, of Ohio, writes "respectfully," and then follows with a lot of marks which look as though he had been testing a very bad pen. It may spell out "R. M. Murray," but no living man would ever suspect it of being that. There are some curious contradictions, among these signatures, for the man in the whole house from whom you would have expected the worst signature, writes the best. This is Kleiner, of Indiana. His signature is, as the boys put it, like copy-book writing, and yet he writes it with lightning-like rapidity, as is the case in all his writing. Belford, of Colorado, who would not be expected to write a decipherable signature, signs with a very plain, business-like hand. Budd, of California, who distinguished himself in his campaign for Congress by going about his district painting the words on every rock and tree, "Vote for Budd," now signs in a modest, plain hand, "Yours truly, James H. Budd, Stockton, Cal." One of the oddest signatures in the House is that of McCoid, of Iowa, which might be much better if that gentleman would make the effort, for he is a person of intelligence and considerable ability. John B. Raymond, of Dakota, the five thousand-acre farmer, writes a very neat, business-like hand. The signature which looks like "S. Sloan, New York," turns out to be on examination, "S. S. Cox," and Blackburn signs himself in a school-boy style, "Jo. C. S. Blackburn, Kentucky." Dick Townshend signs, "Truly yours, R. W. Townshend, Shawneetown, Ill.," in large, high, rough, characters, as though he were shouting, "Mr. Speaker," at the top of his voice, as he does daily. Pettibone, who from his looks would be expected to write a wretched hand, signs in good, clear, round characters. John D. White's signature is much like his voice, loud and pitched very high. Mr. Turner, of Kentucky, whose district is termed the Democratic Gibraltar of that State, signs, "Yours, Oscar Turner, Gibraltar County, Kentucky." Chace, the Rhode Island Quaker, signs, "48th Congress, 1st Session, Jonathan Chace, R. I." Deuster, of Wisconsin, signs a hand which you instinctively recognize as that of a foreigner. A curious hen-track sort of a scrawl, with the words "Toledo, Ohio," following it are found to be those of "Frank H. Hurd," for Hurd is the only man from Toledo, O. Beach, of New York, who chanced to sign on April 1, preceded his signature with the quotation: "What fools we mortals be," and then after his signature he writes, "All fools' day." Tom Ochiltree signs: "Tom Ochiltree, Galveston, Tex." in a very neat hand; Phelps signs "William Walter Phelps" in a very esthetic hand, the w's swelling out at the bottom like double Jersey onions. Springer spreads himself over the page as he does over the House, signing himself with a very characteristic remark, "I am, very truly yours, W. M. Springer, Springfield, Ill., May 3, 1884. Blount, of Georgia, signs in a "regular lady's hand," as the boys put it. Randall signs "Sam J. Randall, Penna." in a very plain, business-like hand. Rosecrans writes: "W. S. Rosecrans, M. C.," in a rickety hand, like that of a man suffering from rheumatism and years of exposure, as he is. Morrison's signature is a curious one of thin, crooked lines, the letters chasing each other up hill in a very irregular and undignified way. A half-dozen of the names are utterly unintelligible. They might be "John Smith," or "Peter Jones," or Michael Mulchery," so far as appearances go. Reference to the Congressional Directory, however, and comparison of the residences given therein with those accompanying these nameless names, shows them to be Foran, of Ohio; Dibble, of South Carolina; Wait, of Connecticut; Shaw, of Illinois, and Arnot, of New York.

STEALING STEAMBOATS.

A Reminiscence of the Late Unpleasantness.

[Washington Hatchet.]

When Grant and his army were closing in on Richmond there came a lull in the proceedings, which a lot of youngsters of the line and staff improved by getting up a ball at Fort Randolph. Grant's headquarters were several miles up the river from Fort Randolph, and a lot of the junior officers of his and other staffs wanted to go to the ball. But how to get there was the question. It was too far to ride, and the only thing left to do was to apply to General Grant for the use of the Metamora steamer, then in Government employ, but the old man sat down on that project. Then the boys were in a fix, and there were many heartbreaking consultations among them, interspersed with a few iron-clad and red-hot "blank it alls" thrown in, as required by headquarters etiquette. Finally a few of the more reckless and daring ones resolved that they would take the Metamora and go anyhow. The girls were at Fort Randolph, and how could they stay away? They couldn't, and they didn't, but just got aboard the Metamora and away they went. The intention of the boys was to get back so early the next morning that they would be snug in their quarters before the "old man" was up. But one dance more, and just one glass more, kept them late, and it was broad daylight when they steamed up to headquarters. General Grant then had a habit of walking every morning on the bluffs of the river, and the boys saw him looking at the Metamora as she steamed up. Some of them took the yawl and went ashore, sneaking away to the water's edge down below the bluffs. Our youngster, with two or three others, determined to face the music, and have the storm over as soon as possible. The old man never let on that he saw anything unusual or out of the way, and the boys reached their quarters congratulating each other that the old man hadn't twigged their little game and all was calm and serene. But about ten o'clock an orderly came to Lieutenant Johnson's tent, with a message that the old man wanted to see him at headquarters. The Lieutenant nervously buckled on his cheese-knife and away he went. As soon as he appeared, the old man opened up:

"Lieutenant, where were you last night between the hours of 6 p. m. and six o'clock this morning?"

"On the river part of the time and the Metamora part of the time."

"Who gave you leave to take the Metamora?"

"Nobody, sir, that I know of."

"Didn't you know that it was wrong, that it was theft—stealing the Government coal? You will consider yourself under arrest till I see about this gross violation of discipline, sir."

The youngster backed out with a salute. He was soon released, "fit into the war" till it ended, and then went to Italy to help Garibaldi. That row ended, he came back here to this city while Grant was Secretary of War ad interim under Johnson. Being in financial straits, he was advised to apply to his old commander. So he went up to the War Department and sent in his card. Pretty soon he was called in in his turn, and as soon as he faced the old man the latter exclaimed:

"Why, how are you, Lieutenant? Where have you been all this time?"

"Over in Italy, helping Garibaldi."

"Humph! Been over to Italy, have you, helping Garibaldi, eh? Steal any steamboats over there, Lieutenant?"

And he laughed till he shook, and handed the Lieutenant a paper which eventually secured him a good position under Uncle Sam.

MRS. REED AS SQUIRE.

How Through a Joke a Westmoreland Woman Became Justice of the Peace.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Just for a joke some smart voter of Livermore, Westmoreland County, cast a vote at the spring election for Mrs. Ada Reed for the office of Justice of the Peace. Mrs. Reed was much annoyed at having her name thus used, having received votes for other offices at the same time, and took legal advice with a view of prosecuting for slander the persons who were guilty of this unmanly joke. But there were very grave doubts expressed as to the legality of opening ballot-boxes to find out whom to prosecute, and Mrs. Ada Reed's revenge took another form. Of course the vote cast for her for Justice was certified to the Secretary of Commonweath, and as she was the only person receiving any votes for the office she had a clear majority and signified her acceptance of the office, and the Greensburg papers say that a commission has been issued to her by the State Department at Harrisburg. Secretary Stenger expresses the opinion that a woman can lawfully be a Justice of the Peace, and there seems no particularly good reason why she can not, if a woman can be Deputy Sheriff.

THE DAIRY.

—While we do not wish to lay a straw in the way of the progress of fine dairy cow breeders, and while we admit the excellency of Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein, we do protest against the constant revilement of our native cows. No animal on the farm is treated worse. Struggling among ragweeds in almost grassless pastures, furnishing blood for flies in the blazing heat of midsummer, the effect of wrath, hail, snow, sleet, rain and polar winds, she still survives, ever patient and returning good for evil. If our abused native cow was treated half so well as her foreign cousin, perhaps she would be as famous as they.—*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

—The temperature of the cream should be so low that the little particles of butter will float in the buttermilk without gathering too quickly. While the butter is still in the granular form, draw off the buttermilk, and then pour in cold water, or, better still, a weak brine, or water first and then brine. Two or three washings in either clear water or brine will do the butter no harm. Now, if the butter is taken out upon the butter worker for salting, there will really be no working to be done, as that term is usually understood. No more working will be required than just enough to incorporate the salt throughout the entire mass.—*Exchange.*

—We have had a pretty long experience in making butter, and believe we know whereof we affirm. If very thick, stiff cream is put into any churn, but especially into one with a dash or floats that present a large surface to the cream, and the butter comes in a very short time, and is fully gathered before drawing off the buttermilk, the butter will very likely be pretty largely mixed with thick, unchurned cream and milk. And such butter can never be completely freed from its milk and cream, but they will remain in the butter more or less to its injury, according as it is to be kept or used immediately.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—J. N. Muncy, of the Iowa State Agricultural College, says: "The average farmer cannot afford to specially prepare his butter for a first-class market himself, unless he has a dairy of at least fifty cows. Even then there is some doubt in mind whether he can make it pay. Any one who has had practical experience in the creamery business knows that the time required to properly handle the milk from twenty-four cows is nearly the same as that required to handle it from fifty to sixty cows." He argues that the creamery gives better returns to the farmer than he can realize from a home dairy.

—We have sometimes thought that if the term "working" should be expunged from the dairyman's dictionary, it might not be a bad thing either for the butter or the butter maker. What do we work butter for? Formerly, when dash and float churns were chiefly used, and when it was the custom to gather the butter in the churn before drawing off the buttermilk, it was more important that the butter should be very thoroughly worked, both before and while the salting was being done. But now, with churns better adapted to do the work, and with improved methods of using them, there is no necessity whatever for any second working, provided the salting is done as it should be, when the butter is taken from the churn.—*New England Farmer.*

—Butter that is to be printed needs less working than if it be put down in tubs, as the moulding and printing helps to work the salt in evenly. If one had been in the habit of working butter a second time after an interval of twelve or twenty-four hours, and should fear to omit the second working, it would answer the purpose just as well if the second working is done after ten minutes or a half-hour as if done after a longer time. On no account should butter ever be left to harden before its second working, especially in cold weather, when it would become so hard as to require warming before re-working. A great deal of butter is injured in winter by being frozen or chilled and then heated up again for working, and also in summer by being left too long in cold wells or ice chests. —*The Dairy.*

—Professor Arnold says in the New York *Tribune:* "A good many observing creamery men are becoming aware that ice in open and cold setting is the cause of a great deal of mischief to the butter, and only use it because of its great convenience. If in submerging milk injury from atmospheric condensations are pretty much avoided, the use of ice cuts off all maturity of cream, at least all in the right direction, and finally leaves it in a somewhat deteriorated condition. Were it not for the speed in creaming, and the saving of labor it occasions, it would soon go out of use, so many are becoming satisfied that butter from ice-cooled milk and cream cannot compete with that made without such chilling. From these considerations the probability is that the use of ice in the dairy will continue to become less and less in favor and less used, till the centrifuge is better perfected and comes into general use, and creams milk while warm and obviates the necessity for low cooling. Then ice in the dairy "must go."

—Imperfectly churned butter may be improved by working in the salt and then setting it away for a few hours. If salted very heavily, as it should be in such a case, the salt will form a brine, which, at the second working, will bring away more or less of the cream and milk that should have been separated from the butter by washing while it was in the churn, and before the butter was gathered into a solid mass. But it is far better to do the churning as it should be done, and then the subsequent work will be plain and easy. Have the churn large enough so that plenty of thin, sweet milk or water can be mixed in with the cream when it goes into the churn. This will sometimes retard the process of churning, but it will result in better butter and more of it. There is always a waste of cream when the churning is done in a very short time, portions of it being washed into the buttermilk. It is such buttermilk that sometimes pays for a second churning.—*The Dairy.*

—Lawn-tennis clubs are being organized throughout South Carolina.

THE DAIRY.

—A quart of good milk should weigh about 2.15 pounds, or nearly 2 pounds, 2½ ounces. If milk is weighed, this rule will give the monthly yield in quarts more exactly than measuring.

—A Norwich, Ct., paper tells about a farmer there who keeps only one cow, but who sells 1,000 one-pound balls of the "best butter" from his "dairy" yearly. Oleomargarine is his best cow.

—To keep your hired men good natured while milking, call the milking a part of the day's work and do not expect them to work in the field till dark and then milk a dozen cows in the night.

—It is claimed that while cows giving exceptionally large quantities of milk will sometimes make large butter tests, as a rule the two things do not go together, being inconsistent with each other.

—In feeding calves remember they are not the most brilliant animals in the world, and it is questionable if they ever know when they have enough any more than a boy would in a green apple tree. For this and many other reasons it is well to keep a watch over them to see that each one gets some of the food offered and not too much of it.—*American Dairyman.*

—The *Farmers' Review* fears that the dairy fair business will be overdone this year. We think not, as we do not believe more than one will be held. The International association will not be likely to hold one, at least that is the opinion of the President; the Secretary of the Illinois Dairymen's Association is apprehensive that the proposed fair will not be held, so that narrows the number down to the National Association.

—It is a serious mistake to neglect handling young heifers until after they have dropped their first calf. At this time their bags are apt to be swollen and tender, and the task of accustoming them to be milked is more difficult. The operation tends to enlarge the bag and the teats, and with good milking stock may make it necessary to draw milk once or twice a day for a week or more before the calf is dropped. Do not begrudge the extra trouble that this makes. It is a sign that the heifer will prove to be a deep milker.

—How awfully bad a man looks whose hair is never combed, and how uncomfortable he must feel! The cattle have hair over their whole body, and if never carded they look as bad as the uncombed man, and must feel a great deal worse. It is too bad to compel the poor brutes to go all winter without carding, and then it doesn't pay. They would do much better if carded every day, and this should certainly be well done at least twice each week. If we only notice how much they enjoy being carded, and how grateful they look, and see how much better they thrive, we would not regret the time and labor 'Tis only a little kindness, but even this pays.

—Lumps in the udder: Garget often leaves the legacy of a lumpy bag—one or more big, hard lumps; milk flows from the quarter or quarters in which such lumps occur, but they are an annoyance as well as a disfigurement. Sometimes they yield to treatment, and often they do not. The best thing to do is to knead and rub the lumps, so that there may be a tendency of blood to the parts and some excitement to the absorptive functions. This absorption may be induced or quickened by giving the cow small but frequent doses of iodide of potassium—a salt very much like common salt, with which it may be mixed when given.—*American Dairyman.*

Keeping Accounts With Cows.

I was milking in the barn when young Squire Lawton came in. I lifted up the pail and hung it on the spring balance.

"Just thirteen pounds," said I, and marked it on the little board on the wall just opposite where the cow stood. "What do you do that for," said he. "Why, I always count, measure and weigh everything on this farm," said I. "My father taught me that when I was a boy." "But what's the use here?" said he. "You have all the milk, and no one can cheat you." Don't you be sure of that. Now look here. You see this board. That's Topsy's milk account. Here, you see, is 17 pounds, 16½ pounds, 18 pounds, and then comes 11 pounds. That struck me all of a heap, and I went right there and then to Topsy to see what was the matter. Her nose was hot and dry, and her mouth was slobbering and she was not eating. I soon found what was the matter. She had been chewing the fence-rails and a big splinter was jammed into her mouth between her teeth, and her jaw was swelled badly. Now, I mightn't have found that out for two or three days if I hadn't weighed the milk. But you see I soon set her right again. I saved a good deal of trouble by it. And then look here. Here is 13½ pounds, 15 pounds, 17 pounds, 12 pounds, 11 pounds, 14 pounds, and then here you see is only 6½ pounds, and all down, 6½ pounds, 7 pounds, 7½ pounds, 5 pounds, 5½ pounds. Now look at that cow. She's pretty, ain't she? But, bless you, handsome is as handsome does, and that cow don't stay here any longer than she is fat enough for beef; for she ain't half handsome enough for a dairyman to keep. Then you see these glasses. These are to measure the cream by. A cow that won't give fifteen per cent. of cream won't pay to keep with the feed I give them; and a heifer that won't make ten per cent. won't pay to raise, and is only good to sell to those who sell milk. Now, how could I tell all this if I didn't weigh and measure? See here, this is the feed measure; one of these goes on to the feed for every cow at every meal, and that scoop holds just two quarts. This basket holds a full bushel, and every cow gets that full every feed and two or three get a scoopful more. You see it's all brought down to rule. No thumb rule either, but weights and measures every time. A man who don't weigh and measure everything about a dairy can't tell what he's doing, and it is just as easy for him to lose a dollar a day as it is to fall off a log. Now, my boy, put that wrinkle on your horn. It's worth a thousand dollars to you if you don't forget it, but you are welcome to it for nothing."—*Cor. The Dairy.*

—Wild violets, pure and simple, are now the fashionable flowers.